





"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 26

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"An Exhibit Of Rubber"

by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

Imagine my surprise when a close friend asked me to go along with her to a private showing of the latest fashions... and all the clothes were made of rubber.

"Everybody is always raving about silk or leather," she said as she slipped into a double-breasted rubberized trench coat, complete with stretch-rubber epaulets and a belt that contained lastex strings made into the fabric. "For a dash of variety, rubber is so entertaining. You have no idea how many things you can do... when you wear rubber." She slipped her long, red-tinted

fingers into a stretch pair of rubber gloves. Not like the conventional rubber gloves usually colored red and stretched tight over the fingers, her gloves were beige-tinted, embroidered with flower stems and blossoming buds. The gloves stretched as her fingers filled the warm interior; her knuckles, her nails all became clearly etched upon the tight rubber as it stretched yearningly over her bands.

"How positively unusual," I had to agree. She held her rubber-gloved hands out to me and I held them hesitantly at first because they did look strange. Then, as if by impulse, I held her hands up to my cheek, rubbing the cool, delightful smoothness of her rubber gloves across my face, enjoying the enchantment of something different. "It's--so soft, . . . and so smooth."

"You're going to see much more to-night, dear," she put her gloved hand around my waist as we went outside. "This is going to be an exhibit you will hardly ever forget."

How right she was. The exhibit was held in a small building in a secluded area

in town. Because some highly unusual and secret designs were being displayed, the owners of the rubber factory did not want their rivals to steal their designs and the exhibit was held shortly before the stroke of midnight.

An entire floor--with at least a dozen large rooms, in each one a different item of rubber was being displayed--and modelled by both men and women.

Rubber underwear! In the first room, several slender young women were modelling the latest in rubber underwear. The first girl, a cream-complexioned blonde, her billowing waves of fluffy hair down to her white shoulders, walked back and forth, wiggled her hips to show how stretch-rubber can accommodate any figure. She wore the very latest in a panty-girdle. The sides were seamless for that unbroken line under the sheaths. The panty-girdle had scalloped lace trimming her slender waist and legs. The crotch was made of a very thin rubber sheet so that it would not cause too much irritation when walking. There were four garters--two on each leg. Made of rubber, the garters stretched. . . and

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stretched and then came back with a delightful little "pop" sound. It could stretch right down to the knees and fasten into stockings which would assure the wearer of wrinkle-free leg apparel. Rubber certainly offers a lot of advantages.

The slim girl's rich bosom was covered with a pale blue bra. At first, the bra looked like the ordinary satin type but here again, a surprise awaited me. The bra was made completely of rubber. It offered very wide cleavage. Filled with foam rubber angle pads and yielding rubber insets, it helped give an upward thrust to her bosom. Side rubber boning coaxed her underarm flesh into the rubber cups for increased measurement and deepened cleavage.

As someone explained to me in a hushed, reverent tone, "The straps are made of thin strips of rubber, also. They stretch over the shoulders, fasten deep into the flesh and then buckle down in back . . . with rubber clasps and buttons."

"What is the advantage over leather or satin?" I asked innocently.

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She scowled and looked at me with annoyance. "Rubber straps mold right into the figure, don't you know? They stretch and pull until they fit the exact, natural curve of the body."

Another model then took the spotlight. She, too, wore rubber undergarments. These were simple but had another unusual aspect. She had taken a simple sheet of rubber, very thin and rather transparent--and she merely wrapped it around her hips and then fastened it together with thick rubber bands around her waist. The entire sheet of rubber comprised her panties. She was greeted with much applause as she paraded back and forth, her wide-spreading hips molded into the skin-tight rubber, enhancing, rather than excluding her hidden charms. To the touch (those who were permitted such privileges) the soft, padded flesh felt cool and very cozy. All of this was possible because rubber, tightly stretched across the skin, adds such a wonderful feeling. As if by answer, the young girl ran her slim hands over her hips and thighs, caressing the rubber panties lovingly. And her bosom--here was the most original ingenuity. She had taken an ordinary sheet of rubber again,

pinkly transparent, and stretched it over her shimmering, uplift breasts. The rubber clung to her possessively, making her look like a lithe statue made of pure rubber. There was hardly a crease or wrinkle on her bosom as the rubber covered her. Those were just some of the advantages about wearing rubber next to the skin.

Another room offered still more rubber surprises. Wearing rubber when retiring? This was something I could not believe--except that I was seeing it...in the flesh. Oh, pardon me. Not in the flesh but...in the rubber! A red-headed girl, her lips a crimson glow, modelled a rubber nightgown. It reached from her shoulders right down to her ankles. She had sleeves which covered her right to the tips of her fingers. The rubber was very soft and thin; she folded a corner of the rubber and when she let it go, it bounced back to its precious shape...not a wrinkle on it. Everyone applauded such valuable styles. As she walked the billowing rubber nightgown hissed softly, glided along with her movements, molding her figure when she gathered the soft fabric close to her lithe figure.

One young man, too inquisitive, ventured forth to touch the hem of the rubber nightgown when her back was turned. He had lifted the hem, pressed the rubber fabric close to his face and very gently caressed it...as he would a soft kitten. The model turned, startled by this action. She tugged at the nightgown. He refused to let go and--it stretched! It almost made a twanging sound as she finally wrested it from his grasp. He looked startled. Quite sympathetic, one of the other exhibitors gave him a little souvenir--a small square of thin rubber which he could take home and admire. The square slithered like a live creature as he passed it from one hand to the next.

Sleeping garments for men, too? A blond youth stepped out--greeted with loud slapping of hands together to cause applause. He wore a wrap-around, covering his waist. It had the style of a towel, men are wont to use when stepping out of the shower, encircling the waist. But this was made of a thick pad of foam rubber. It bent easily but was so thick, that when he sat down on a hard, rattan cane chair, he hardly felt the hardness beneath. The thick foam rubber was like a cushion around his waist.

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Was he bare from the waist up? But no--he wore a pajama top--this was made of an acetate rubber, complete with sleeves. These tightened around the wrists. They stuck tightly, could not fold upward or become disarranged when sleeping. He offered a pair of rubber wrist-guards. These were very thick rubber bands which fastened securely about the wrists to prevent the sleeves from slipping upward. And...to the person who could not control his motions, the thick rubber hand could be stretched far enough so that two hands could be slipped through and held together tightly. For the active man, who tosses and turns, sometimes punching something during sleep, this certainly is a useful and most practical gift.

For the woman who wants to look her best and wear rubber very close to herself at night, a model offered a seamless step-in girdle which glorified her curves. Tiny rolls of delightful flesh was impressed in this rubber girdle. A wide "cincher" elastic band came two inches above the waist, squeezing her middle to an hour-glass perfection. The band dipped down for long line control to fifteen inches below her waist. . .and there was a



high, criss-cross front pattern which permitted leg freedom--the criss-cross was made of rubberized straps which stretched very tightly. At first, it would be difficult to wear such tight rubber which securely held the body in a mold, but with considerable practice, it helps to maintain a charming figure.

Another room revealed--hip length hosiery. Can you imagine how attractive the girl looked because her lovely long legs were covered with all-in-one panty-hose made of rubber? When it peeled off her lovely body (she gave a demonstration) she stood demurely unclad, holding the rubber hosiery in one hand. It was so tiny, it lovingly fit into her palm. Then she slipped it over her feet, up her ankles, molding her figure up her calf muscles, then her wide, milky-white thighs and finally it stretched right over her hips and tightened around her waist in a pinching style. Her slim fingers ran down the length of her legs to emphasize the smooth elasticity of such a novelty.

Another girl walked onto the stage wearing ballet tights made of nylon elastic mesh. This, too, was an all-in-one and fairly melted

onto her skin. Pink mesh color, it criss-crossed her from waist down to the lovely pair of peeping toes. Her hips swayed gently in rhythm as she walked back and forth, displaying her rubber-covered torso.

For evening wear, there was a coral colored rubber-enforced gown. It was as soft as silk but it stretched gently over the wide hips of the black-haired model. There was pleating from her shoulders which made a back cowl neck that dipped to a wide V front. Two wide rubber bands made a bow-tie effect beneath her bust for "glance appeal" as she put it. It was lined to the hip.

But an even more attractive rubber gown was offered in the next room--it bared the girl's shoulders in a halter style neckline with a peep-show slit piercing the unity of her twin bosom mounds. A tight turtle neck collar, made of jet black rubber as was the rest of the outfit, was buckled in the rear with an intricate series of strange clasps. It required help from a friend to open. A neck collar was most important when wearing rubber. . .it helped to keep the girl's head high and stately. Many a girl had worn such a thick leather collar (before the

advent of yielding, pliable rubber) and walked back and forth with a book on her head as a form of self-discipline to correct her posture.

This gown had a tight turtle-neck collar which created the same results. A zipper down the side gave the girl a very snug fitting. The rubber gown dipped just below the knee joints. . .here there was a slit in the gown. To prevent further tearing, a series of tiny metal links held it together; it rattled seriously as she walked back and forth. . .the jangling of a thousand chains, so it seemed in the stillness of the room.

For street wear, quite obviously such revealing gowns are impractical. A rubberized rain coat was then displayed. Fully lined, it had brass buttons, deep pockets, soldier-boy cuff tabs, large lapels and a very thick rubberized belt. There was a rear pleat for comfort if such a rubber trench coat had to be worn over rubber suits and dresses. The thick belt was stretched extremely tight around the waist, almost until it squeaked against the fabric of the coat, itself. When walking, such swishing rubber gives a hushed, gentle sound which only enhances the mystery of the wearer. And since

the best of fashions are created when an aura of mystery persists, this certainly was a commendable addition.

"But, don't men like rubber, as well?" I whispered to my friend as we walked down the corridor.

She tweaked my cheek lovingly. "Dear one, just follow me. I've never disappointed you, have I?"

"Of course not."

And. . .the sight we beheld was certainly one that I would never forget. In a hidden room in the basement of the building, to which admittance was possible only by a special signed paper, we were ushered into an unusual exhibit. We witnessed a little stage play. The story concerned a husband who just did not share his wife's love of rubber garments. In anger, he once took her beloved rubber panties and just tossed them out of the window. This so infuriated the wife that she took all of his ordinary cotton and wool things and burned them. He came home one night to find everything destroyed. . .and replaced by rubber

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pants and a rubber shirt!

"You'll have to wear these," she explained.

He became furious but could not match her anger and she chased him around the room, seizing his ordinary cotton clothes and literally ripping them from his body. Not until he was in his cotton underwear did he fall in a heap on the floor, exhausted from so much running around. The wife smiled. Now she would be able to convince him of the very practical use of rubber. Her claw-like fingernails gripped the cotton shorts and she ripped them from his lean figure. He was powerless to protest; she then seized his cotton undershirt and this, too, was torn from him. Shivering and quite embarrassed, he just lay humble, wondering what she would do next. At the same time, regretting that he ever tried to do away with her fondness for rubber. He should have been more broad-minded and considerate of other people's tastes in clothing.

"Here's something," she gave him a pair of rubber boxer shorts--unlike the cotton or silk boxer shorts which wrinkle and crease,

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the thin rubber shorts felt snug, comfy and positively exhilarating against his torso. Likewise, the cotton T shirt he's always worn had a habit of slipping up during movements. But to his delight, the rubber T-shirt had tiny garter catches--two in front and two in back--which his wife helped to snap into almost invisible catches in his rubber shorts. A pair of rubber trousers, starched by some strange process so that they looked like cotton pants but were really rubberized. And a rubber shirt--inside was a rubber lining but the outside was still cotton so that curious eyes would not see anything unusual.

Yes, the play ended, rubber was quite fascinating and very useful, once you discovered all the secrets it had to hold.

As we walked home, my friend clutched a rubberized raincoat beneath her arm, lovingly, as she would a soft puppy. And I--well, I had a rubberized dress that I could hardly wait to put on, to feel, to experience . . . and to love!

THE END . . .







"The Wonderful World . . .
. . . Of Bloomers"

by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

At the turn of the century, a stout and determined woman called Amelia Bloomer changed the face of history by championing the cause of women's rights--and to assert the independence and self-sufficiency, she wore a peculiar item of fashion. For want of a name, this fashion was called a bloomer, named after that wonderful woman who brought into the world a most marvelous bit of wearing apparel.

Bloomers have always held the fascination of those who want to dress the best, for appearance and comfort. Mrs. Bloomer

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usually wore a one-piece, high neck, pleated bloomer outfit made of soft silk. The bloomers fastened by a hidden band of elastic just below the knee. When the followers of Mrs. Bloomer stormed the streets and demanded women's rights, they were quite a sight--wearing these Turkish trousers, billowing and flapping silk in the breeze. Usually, they were of a solid color, sometimes a satin black or a midnight blue shade. It took six yards of the purest of silk fabric to make an adequate pair. At one time, an enterprising young man poked fun at the bloomer clad brigade who paraded in the streets. He felt in a joshing mood and put on a pair of bloomers himself! In their midst, he went, laughing, poking fun at them and making all sorts of faces. The furious bloomer-clad ladies gathered around him in a circle. Before he could flee for safety, Mrs. Bloomer, herself seized the unfortunate man and literally ripped the clothes off his back. To put it more exactly, the bloomers were ripped from his hips.

Much to his consternation, he found himself in a shamefully embarrassed position, shivering from lack of clothes and now he was

the center of attraction. Or, the shoe was on the other foot, to quote a phrase.

Bloomers gradually became the vogue. Soon they were wearing a two-piece outfit with a very low neckline. Some of the suits were made of wool, silk, and cotton; there were middy blouses, guimpes and V-shaped necks as well as round collars. Women still preferred going nude beneath the bloomers and so, they remained a dark color so that no pink-tipped breasts or creamy-white thighs would peep through revealing cloth. Many a woman said that nothing could be so delightful than the soft, luxurious, caressing touch of silk against pliant and sensitive skin. Soon... the elastic band did not go below the knee and dimpled knees became a delightful sight to see. Then, the bloomers lost their pleats; the hem went higher and--all colors blossomed, including pure white and flesh tones. Once, a girl wore such a tight pair of bloomers, every line of her lithe figure was revealed as she walked in public. She was promptly apprehended when a near-sighted policeman said he thought she was stark naked!

In the early 1930's a new vogue came into being. A girl designed a new pair of bloomers--sleeveless and without a collar and with a reinforced V neck. This was quite daring. Remember, up until now, the billowing folds of bloomers covered the female from her wrists up to her neck and down to her knees. In fact, to assure privacy, the more prudish bloomer girls had leather straps attached to their wrists which fastened so tight, it was almost impossible to remove. One girl, so frightened that someone would seize her bloomer at the neckline, prepared a silk and rubber neckband. It covered her from the chin down to her shoulders with a tight, skin colored band that buckled in the back and then laced up, in a special fold of leather that covered and hid the buckles.

Jazz brought a lot of changes. The bloomer now became a suit--a huge silken sash would be encircled around the middle and tied in a delightful big bow either in the front or from behind. The bloomers now became like knickers and revealed swelling thighs which shook deliciously when the ladies marched in the streets.



Then came the tunic type of bloomer with a flare skirt and underbriefs. In fact, wearing lacy, cobwebby colored underbriefs sort of destroyed the illusion. Mrs. Bloomer strove to create--that without the bloomers, the ladies were naked and that they had nothing to be ashamed of! The lacy panties sort of added protection which the girls needed when the bloomers kept creeping higher and higher. Buttons helped fasten revealing openings. Buckle ring fasteners and wide sash belts tight at the waist, almost pinching it to painful proportions, kept the girl's waist very neat and trim.

Many a girl had a friend help to make the sash belt tighter and tighter until she was forced to arch her back, throw her shoulders back, and fling her swelling bosom straight forward like two pointed daggers. When the tunic became smaller and tighter, the bosom had less room and it was quite amusing to see the tunic burst and the globules spilling out! Their strawberry tips looking like delicacies on a heaping hill of white cream!

What about the colors? These became

very diversified. Coral, sungold, various lime and green shades together with blood red were the order of the day. Today, bloomers have a new look--it is a one-piece with a two-piece look. There is an adjustable leather belt and tight shorts that look more like bikini bathing suits. There are elastic insets at the waist back to slim wide hips and there is elastic around the legs. To those girls who cannot control their appetites, buying an attractive bloomer costume helps them to slim down. Available today are those with elastic insets that can be so tightly impressed upon milky thighs that are too chubby, that they bite right through the soft flesh. (That is, the tight elastic gives that feeling to the plump thighs.) Drawn tighter and tighter, the girl will squirm because of the pain but it will be an excellent means of training her in the fine art of losing excess weight.

Those who have extra-large spreading hips, especially when sitting down, can wear bloomers with such tight elastic insets at the waist back that sitting provokes extreme pressure upon the bloomers, threatening to burst them in public. This shamefully embarrasses

any girl and makes her realize the importance of reducing.

Today, the pedal pushers originally were designed by more enterprising females. Made of porous lace, nylon and cotton lastex, it stretches down right below the knee. The open knit fits skin-tight. While the girl walks, the tight pedal pusher pants mold, hold and control the figure. The nylon jersey lined pantie has laced elastic legs and a dip waist. Usually, such pedal pushers are worn when riding a bicycle or for house wear. For rugged use, the girl needs a leather blouse. Made of soft kidskin, there is available an unusual model. It has one very small opening in--the small of the back. The entire ensemble is made of this jet black kidskin leather and the girl inserts her head through the tiny rear opening, works her way up to the top and there, a tiny opening enables her head to stick out. It is like those old carnival games where a head sticks through a hole and you get three wooden disks to throw at the head and hope to hit it.

Then, the arms are worked into the very

leather sleeves, right down to the fingers. But there are no openings for the fingers. The sleeves fashion out into a glove . . . complete with tiny chain links dangling from each finger so that even though fingers do not appear, the girl has assurance and self-confidence when she rattles these chain links. The leather garment buckles up in the rear and then is fastened with an intricate Gordian knot that only an outsider can open. It fastens tight around the neck, squeezing the throat line to very narrow proportions. This teaches the girl to keep her head held high at all times so as to have good posture and walking carriage.

Her breasts, against the soft leather, produce an odd sensation. At first, it feels cool but after worn awhile, the leather, having no outlet to release body produced heat, becomes rather warm. Most girls begin to perspire and feel as if they've been locked in a windowless dungeon cell, void of air and at the mercy of jeering jailors. But if the girl wants to remove her garment, she runs the risk of ripping the leather--because her gloved fingers contain chain links and, well . . . it

isn't so simple to unravel a knot and a series of huckles from behind with such unusual gloves. And so, the girl must have someone help her.

Walking with such an outfit requires practice. The tight crotch and hip fabric often squeeze and so bruise her soft, round hips that she has the feeling she is being hit with a wooden paddle. And so, when such an item is mercifully removed, the woman's flesh is reddened and very pink as if someone had run a red hot pressing iron over her smooth white skin. But after some practice, it produces no discomfort and gives an unusual pleasure. Some girls, when released from the confinement of the leather blouse, are so bathed in sweat, their twin breasts look like jutting volcanoes having been drenched by a cooling rain. Rivulets of water running down smooth, marble white flesh, soft and so cozy.

Mrs. Bloomer, as many of her followers were rather on the stout side. It was quite amusing to see fleshy hips shivering and shaking like bouncing vats of jelly as they ran up and down the street. Especially when (as described

above) the women decided to punish the man who poked fun at their bloomers and right in the street, in the midst of the crowd, they stripped him stark naked and chased him until he was able to hide in a manhole. And these heavy women, their faces powdered and perfumed, white powdered wigs fluffy and gleaming with strands of pearls--their huge bosoms flouncing with their movements--a whole horde of women running after a poor, unfortunate naked man who shivered at the thought of what they might do to him if they caught him.

Small wonder that women's rights were finally granted. It made men equal with women. Some men were grateful for this shift in responsibility. It is only right and fitting that women should have a voice in the way we live. Most of the bloomer girls continued wearing their clothes right in their homes. . . and it is hinted that many men became so fascinated with these hillowing bloomers, waves of diaphanous silk, fluffy and pink, that they wore a pair, also, in the house.

The feeling of caressing bloomers

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against bare skin produces an exhilarating effect. It is the height of fashion and today-- hats off, (or, should we say, bloomers off?) to that wonderful woman, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer.

THE END . . .



"FROM ME . . . TO YOU"

by Tana Louise.

* * * * *

Since starting my column many months ago, I have been overwhelmed by the number of letters which I have received from my readers. Most of them have had one sort of criticism or other, but on the whole they have both encouraged and enlightened me. Little did I dream of the variety of subjects that I would become acquainted with. It has been a good number of years since I first put on a pair of spike-heels, and actually it has been more than a short time since I was first laced-up in a restrictive, figure-flattering corset. These things, I discovered, were only the first steps in a long line of developments . . . and I'm still learning.

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. . . IN FACT AND IN FICTION

At the last count, the LeatherLovers outnumbered the RubberEnthusiasts by almost 2½ to 1 . . . the Thigh-Boot Devotees were nearly 3 to 1 over the Knee-Length Fans . . . AND, the Dominant Female Adorers were winning over the Dominant Males by about 6 to 1. Just to prove my point, I checked the past three-months group of letters and came up with these astounding results:

SHOES . . .

Patent-Leather Pumps	-	174
" " Sandals	-	81
Suede	-	19
Misc.	-	36

CLOTHING . . .

Satin	-	188
Leather	-	97
Rubber	-	38
Misc.	-	9

- 43 -

BOOTS . . .

Tbigb-Length	-	214
Knee-Length	-	75
Misc.	-	18

In view of this I decided to dig through my wardrobe closet and find my Tbigb-Boots that I had bidden away some months before. I pulled them out and proceeded to don my Dominant costume. First, I slipped into a pair of sleek, black satin panties with lacing on the sides . . . next, a leather half-hra and a waist-nipping belt that laced up the front and whittled my waist down a few inches. On my arms went a pair of shoulder-length black glace kid gloves - also with lacing. I put on a pair of huge ear-rings through my pierced ears and then came the final touch.

It took nearly a full hour to get the long boots laced up, but after it was done and I looked into a mirror, I knew it was worth the effort. From the tips of my toes right up to my hips I was encased in gleaming black kidskin. It was

a sight to set my heart pounding and, of course I would have to have some pictures taken in this costume. I phoned up a friend and he arrived soon after with his trusty camera.

He looked me over and from the light in his eyes, I knew he felt the same as I did. It seems as though an attractive and severe-looking female in boots is enough to bring out the true feelings in almost all men . . . at least the ones that I have met. He did have one suggestion, however. He dug into his own valise and came up with wicked-looking pair of spurs. These, he explained would be the 'piece de resistance.' After they were buckled on, I had to agree with him.

It was some hours later that we finally completed the photos and sat down to a cup of coffee (me still in the boots, of course) . . . My friend dared me to wear this particular outfit to a party that he was giving the following week, but I had to back down. After all, how many men could I fight off in one night . . . I'm only a poor, weak little girl ? ? ?

See You Next Issue . . .
Tana Louise

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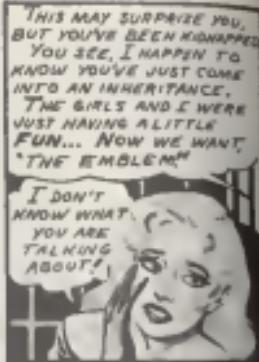
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Deborah!



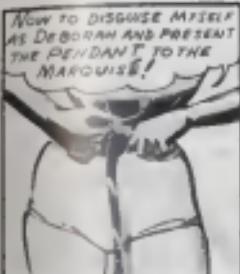
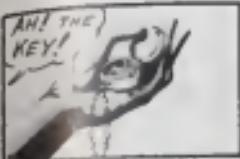


I'VE KIDNAPPED IT DOWN TO YOU, DEBORAH. YOU ARE THE LAST ONE TO NATURALLY POSSESS THE REAL EMBLEM!

I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH LOLA! PERHAPS SHE CAN HELP YOU REMEMBER!!

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES!





THE SAME RUBBER DAYGLO
SHE WORE TO THE BALL
COMPLETES THE DISGUISE.





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